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THE
Clockmakers Outcry
AGAINST THE
AUTHOR
OF

The LIFE and OPINIONS of
TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Dedicated to the

Most Humble of Christian Prelates.

Tu es Sacerdos secundum ordinem Melchisedech?

Art thou a Priest according to the Order of MEL-
CHISEDECH?

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BURD, near the Temple Gate, Fleet-street.

M DCC LX.

[Price One Shilling.]

Clockmakers' Query

AGAINST THE

AUTHOR

OF

The Life and Opinions of
TRISTRAM SHANDY.



Mr. Thomas of Christian Principles

It is a singular circumstance that

As soon as a Book is printed, the

LONDON

Printed by J. Baskin, at the Temple Gate, Fleet Street.

[Printed by J. Baskin]

TO THE

Most Humble of all Christian Prelates.

GRACEFUL LORD!

THE POPE of ROME's affectation of humility consists in his calling himself, *Servus servorum Dei*, "The servant of the servants of God."

But how much does that fall short of your late display of mild abjection in sweetening and abetting a certain writer? It is to the full as manifest a

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sign of Christian meekness, as if the author of MOSES'S *Divine Legation* were to timorously crouch before, and beg the friendship of, the book-wright of SHANDY'S *Obscene Legation*!

The former great personage, if we believe Estimate B——e, of flashy and pert reputation, strides like a Colossus over the human race, mere pygmies in understanding, when put in competition with him; whose *Goliath* learning is indeed acknowledged to be huge, monstrous, and unwieldy.

But should the sons and daughters of common mortality, as they successively pass under the high-vaulted arch, and between the supporting columns of this towering *Colossus* (as the *Lilliputians* did in regard to *Gulliver*) not be able to discover, thro' any gaping chasm of the sable and reverend teguments of his dignified *Nates*, canonical protuberances of requisite and laudable dimensions, it would make the males sneer, and the females flout.

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It is to be hoped, good Lord, that you will not look upon this as indelicate imagery, because it is nearly a-kin to that of your so much admired author. Moreover, the POPE, whom you are not averse from imitating in one article, to wit, to be *Lord Paramount* among the *Spirituals*, and the *Dictator* of the church, is obliged to undergo a *tripodical* probation, in order to give testicular proofs of his being duly qualified, *pro virili parte*, to fill the chair of ST. PETER.

By so decent and pious a process (for which chaste office TRISTRAM, were he a Popish priest, might claim a preference) the sacred conclave means *manfully* to prevent any surprise of the chair's being ever *be-foan'd* again.

Should this Dedication, devoid of flattery, move your mitred anger in the least (but you are too great a philosopher, too exalted a Christian, and too learned a prelate, to be liable to
the

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the vulgar feelings of humanity!) we conclude with the Words of *Tristram*,
“KEEP YOUR TEMPER;” and are,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most, &c.

And very, &c. &c. &c.

P R E F A C E.

THE drift of all Authors is, or ought to be, either to usefully instruct, or innocently amuse. In the works of the one and the other a plan is to be laid, and some main point had in view throughout the performance.

Where design and method are neglected, be the manner of writing ever so sprightly and elegant, the whole turns out but a mere wild-goose chase, that tends only to bewilder, but conducts to no profitable end: it is an ignis fatuus, whose twinkling leads us astray, but yields no serviceable light.

To this doctrine some people will perhaps object; Is then such strict regard to plan and method to be required from the hands of merely humorous authors? No, surely.

We have never read any of the truly excellent humorists that neglected it: Swift's facetious works are a strong proof of what we have advanced: he has always some great point in view.

Consult his Tale of a Tub: see with what art he steals you along: how complete, apposite, and instructive are his digressions! not like the the late flimsy imitations of them.

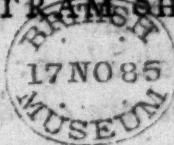
What a command must that great man have had over himself; never to be tempted by the excessive applause that work received, not only in England, but through Europe, to own it.

He did not choose to be pestered with the compliments of the jolly and the idle; nor to run gossiping from tea-table to tea-table, and cry, "Here am I the wonderful author---there are "no works like mine." Long may that remain a truth for the honour of these kingdoms.

Swift did not hawk his face about (which by-the-bye was a good one) to all the portrait-painters in town, vainly begging to have his mazard multiplied.

The hue and cry was raised by church dignitaries, and the mistakenly pious of the laity, against the inimitable author of The Tale of a Tub. The now tagger of a really contemptible farrago has met with a profusion and wantonness of success (a discouragement to real merit) from church dignitaries and noble peers.

Wherefore, to expose such Pseudo-Mecenasas, by laying open the Turpitude of their admired book, is the scheme proposed by the writers of this pamphlet, and the dictate of a just indignation for what we and our brethren the clock-makers suffer through the heretical and damnable Opinions of TRISTRAM SHANDY.



THE Clockmakers Outcry.

THE injured have a right to complain, and to expose either the wantonness or concealed wickedness of those who have basely done them wrong.

Wickedness exerts itself in a two-fold manner; the one less, the other more formidable: the one less so, is when it appears bare-faced, and manifesting its sinister dispositions, alarms and puts all it approaches on their guard against any attack from its ferocity: the more so, is when under an affected mask of folly or insanity of mind, and as it were in a frolicksome manner, it endeavours to sap,

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under-

undermine, and blow up all that is sacred in our moral, religious, and political system.

That the latter is the light in which the forerunner of *Antichrist* (pray heaven that he may not be the real one, of which there is not a little room to suspect when we contemplate his figure, and penetrate into his real sentiments!) the pernicious author of *THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.* is to be looked at with horror and detestation, will appear from our subsequent remarks, which with a heart full of sorrow, and in the midst of the sighs and lamentations of our trade, we here pen down for publication, in order to lay our undeserved grievances and cruel persecution before the world in hopes of some redress; otherwise we and our miserable families are intirely devoted to ruin, and must consequently become a burden to the community.

But now to begin, and follow this infernal emissary (that has assumed a human form) in all his damnable vagaries——

Instead

Instead of a modest clergyman of our established church, he begins rather like one of Priapus' lecherous priests in Pagan times, by exhibiting to all chaste as well as unchaste readers, into whose hands his diabolical works may fall, the picture of a couple in actual *flagranti!* and of whom indeed he ought to have written with more respect, and less of vicious levity.

Page 1. "I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me." Here is plain matter of fact, without even the curtain's being drawn to veil it. What must the modest peruser think they were *about*? Not saying their prayers. O fie, what a naughty exordium for a Christian priest!

The next step of all declared libertines, in order to give a full swing to their lustful passions, and not be liable to their grating follower, Remorse, is to espouse the accursed doctrine of Materialism, which the author of *TRISTRAM* gives headlong into.

P. 1. " Not only the production of a
 " rational being was concerned in it, but
 " possibly the happy formation and tem-
 " perature of his body, perhaps his *genius*
 " and the *very cast of his mind*." Thus
 in the very first paragraph of this perverse
 work the standard of copulation is erected,
 and the belief of the immortality of the
 soul kicked out of doors. A hopeful be-
 ginning truly!

It is an old saying, and a just one;

Ne futor ultra crepidam,

" Let not the cobbler go beyond his last ;"

if he should, he will most certainly ex-
 pose himself : thus the superficial meddlers
 in learning appear always fond of pressing
 any art or science (of which they may
 have an imperfect and smattering know-
 ledge) into whatever crude and incoherent
 production they are scrawling. As they
 raise the admiration of the ignorant and
 foolish, so they excite the contempt and
 laughter of the learned and judicious, who
 can justly apply to them the expression of
 a French critic concerning the great pro-
 totype

tototype for all such variegated and patch'd-work scribbling; *Helas, Messieurs, le pauvre diable a fourré dans son ouvrage tout ce qu'il savoit, s'il en savoit d'avantage, il l'y auroit mit*: "Lack-a-day, Gentlemen, the
 " poor devil has thrust into his work all
 " he knew; had he known more, he
 " would have given it to you;" whether from heraldry, tactics, astronomy, or even the art of cookery, &c.

Our would-be multifarious author exposes himself to the same charge in many of his unaccountable excursions, as we have been informed by members of a club we belong to; in which there are men eminent in all the sciences, and in the liberal as well as mechanic arts. Thus then he particularly exposes himself, where he bunglingly wanders to the phyfiology of the generation of the human species.

P. 2. There he advances, "You have
 " all, I dare say, heard of the animal
 " spirits, *as how* they are transfused from
 " *father to son, &c. &c.*" Whoever has heard so, has heard a very great error, my Pseudo-Theorist.

The

The absurd account of the activity and motion of the animal spirits, &c. must make a tasteful reader yawn, and throw the book out of his hand with contempt, when he thinks on the elegant and delightfully, as well as decently entertaining manner in which sweet *Matt. Prior* marshals the animal spirits through every stage of life, under the direction of his captain-general the soul, mounted on a war-horse in the brain, to wit *DES CARTES's Pineal Gland*.

That admirable writer's *Alma* (whose merit consists neither in gross ribaldry, nor in being as unintelligible as devoid of all plan) can never be read anew without affording fresh pleasure, and a true feast for an ingenious mind. It never cloy; *deicies repetita placebit*. Will *Tristram* enjoy a like fate? Sense, taste, and morality, in despite of the high and low vulgar of its now partizans, forbid!

P. 3. Now comes his great stroke of *Machiavelism* to knock up all order, &c. by bringing the works of our fraternity into disgrace, as we shall hereafter make out,
and

and which he begins in the following manner (infamy and shame attend him for it !): "*Pray, my déar, quoth my mother, have you not forgot to wind up the clock?*" "*—Good G—!*" cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time, *did ever woman since the creation of the world interrupt a man with such a silly question?*" Hardly indeed, if they *had minded what they were about*; nor would he have replied.

"Pray, what was your father saying?" "*Nothing.*" Why, for the obvious reason, because according to our author, He was a doing—Has ever a civilized people been so affronted with such a domestic scene of constupration? If authors be answerable, as they certainly are, for the libidinous images which they excite in the minds of readers, how large must the author of TRISTRAM'S account be!

P. 4. Most of what he says about the *Homunculus* is false and absurd; besides (heaven forgive the poor man's weak and obscene attempt!) *Lewenboeck's system of*

animalcula in semine humano hath long, long since been viewed in all the possible lights of drollery and ridicule, in the schools of phyfic of the different universities of Europe, by ingenious students; which subject ought to be confined there, or to the books of their art.

But who could ever have imagined that a grave clergyman would attempt to foist what little (very little indeed) he knows of the matter into a romance? meant, as he insinuates, to be a parlour-window book, which must consequently occasion many edifying inquiries and pleasant matters of debate among grown-up masters and misses visiting at each others houses: besides, what low-lived and familiar expressions may not they have an opportunity of learning therein? as for instance, p. 8.

“ My mother, who was sitting by, looked up, but she knew no more than her *backside* what my father meant.”--Gross, indelicate, and vulgar priest! The chief study of writers who pant for fame, is, or ought to be, to refine, polish, and ennoble, not to stain, sully, and debase conversation.

P. 11. He returns from nothing of any consequence to his favourite topic: "I was *begot* in the night betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March in the year of our Lord One thousand Seven hundred and Eighteen."—There is so frequent mention of begetting, and such promises of mighty discoveries to be made, considering the writer's philosophically-affected indifference for things sacred, it is strange that he has not called his works the *Genesis* and *Revelations* of TRISTRAM.

P. 12. Here comes more to the same purpose, when speaking of his father he says, he was "one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether it was matter of *business* or matter of *amusement*, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the first *Sunday-night* of every month throughout the whole year, as certain as ever *Sunday-night* came, to wind up a large house-clock

C

" which

“ which we had standing upon the back-
 “ stairs head, with his own hands; and
 “ being somewhere between *fifty* and *sixty*
 “ years of age, at the time I have been
 “ speaking of, he had likewise brought
 “ some other *little family concernments* to
 “ the same period, in order, as he would
 “ often say to my uncle *Toby*, to get them
 “ all out of the way at *one time*, and be
 “ no more plagued and pestered with for
 “ the rest of the month.”

So then to wind up the clock on the
 first Sunday of the month, was *the matter*
of business; and his having *gradually brought*
some other family concernments to the same
period, was *the matter of amusement*—Well
 said, worthy pioneer, good copulating
 Levite! he must return to his favourite
 entrenchments, although it were but once
 a month: *seldom* is better than *never*.

Tantus amor—et generandi gloria.

Having dispatched his father, he thus
 exhibits his mother to us, p. 13. “ From
 “ an unhappy association of ideas, which
 “ have no connection in nature, it so fell
 “ out

“ out at length that my poor mother
 “ could never hear the said *clock wound up*,
 “ but the thoughts of some other *things*
 “ *unavoidably popped into her head*, and *vice*
 “ *versa*.” This is ringing the chimes in
 a very indecent manner on clock-making
 and his mother’s *vice versa*.

P. 14. Here follows a new specimen of
 a doctrine to be introduced into the regis-
 try of all pocket-books of fathers of fami-
 lies for the future: “ Now it appears by
 “ a memorandum in my father’s pocket-
 “ book, which now lies upon the table,
 “ that on Lady-Day, which was on the
 “ Twenty-fifth of the same month, I date
 “ my geniture.”

He soon after adds an odd question for
 a lady; “ But pray, Sir, what was your
 “ father doing all *December, January*, and
 “ *February*?—Why, Madam—He was
 “ all that time afflicted with the *Sciatica*.”
 —That is, he could do nothing all that
 time, not so much as wind up the clock.
 The author ought to have told the reader
 who wound it up in his stead.

Having so long floundered about the phlegmatic manner of the begetting him, and his being awkwardly begot, in order to talk of his being (p. 65.) “brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours,” so he calls it, “on the Fifth day of *November* 1718;” he ridiculously strays into astronomy to shew his learning, which he does most bunglingly, and with a thorough disregard of common sense. If his friends plead in his behalf *non compas*, why in the name of Christian charity let him pass uncensured; but till then his unpardonable incoherence and absurdities are a just object for criticism in its severity.

P. 15. “I wish I had been born in the “*Moon* or in any of the planets,”—his work sufficiently explaineth his predilection for the Moon—“except in *Jupiter* “or *Saturn*, because I never could bear “cold weather.” Had he been born there his constitution would have been adapted to the climate. But to a person transported from our planet thither the cold indeed would be intolerable.—“It could not
“have

“ have fared worse with me in any of
 “ them (though I will not answer for
 “ *Venus*) than it has in this vile dirty
 “ planet of ours; which o’ my conscience,
 “ with reverence be it spoken, I take to
 “ be made up of the shreds and clippings
 “ of the rest.”—What stupid, rag-fair
 imagery here is! Let the preceding abuse
 of the Earth be confronted with what im-
 mediately follows: “ Not but the pla-
 “ net is well enough.”—Can a scurvy and
 disastrous world, a vile dirty planet, made
 up of the shreds and clippings of the rest,
 be deemed notwithstanding well enough?
 O foe to consistency! O thou head of the
 wrongheads! Humour, when not mounted
 upon common sense, must frequently fall
 in the mire.

P. 16. In a raving fit he says, “ I affirm
 “ it over again to be one of the vilest
 “ worlds that ever was made.” To be
 able to make such an assertion, a prior
 knowledge of the other worlds seems to
 be requisite.

The first escapes of modesty to his rea-
 ders that we meet, are in p. 18. “ bear
 “ with

“with me;” and p. 19. “only keep your
 “temper.” His wild scampering about
 the midwife and hobby-horses is strange
 stuff. What can this out-of-the-way ex-
 pression mean, p. 26. “Like so many
 “party-coloured devils astride a mort-
 “gage?”

P. 27. My lord o’ Nokes is introduced
 here abruptly upon the reader, nobody
 knows why or wherefore, in order to ad-
 dress to him a parody upon dedications,
 which hath been so often and so much
 better done; nay it is a matter of the
 meereft common-place.

In p. 31. is a poor flimsy allusion to the
 ingenious Mr. Spence’s Scale of Beauty, as
 may be seen in his essay on that subject.
 The author’s candour in p. 32. is to be
 honoured: “The rest I dedicate to the
 “*Moon*; who, by-the-bye, of all the
 “matrons or patrons I can think of, has
 “most power to set my book a-going,
 “and make the world run mad after it.”

This is not a mal-à-propos compliment
 to his admirers.

P. 33. *Candid* and Miss *Cunegund's* affairs are too respectable for such paltry things as *TRISTRAM's* to be admitted under the same protection.

The strange account of the parson and his horse appeareth to be little better than a delirium: if any particular person be aimed at, it is a profound secret from us.

To the simile in p. 41. "that brisk
"trotting and slow argumentation-like
"wit and judgment were two incompa-
"tible movements;" he might have added, like *Pope's* poetry, and *Warburton's* critical remarks thereupon. At length, in p. 50. we are told the parson's name is *Yorick*: why that name is chosen, unless to put him, and through him the whole clergy, in a ridiculous light, we cannot tell.

We all know that in the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet* mention is made by the young prince of one *Yorick*, a jester in his father's court, who used to set the table in a roar.

P. 52. How flat and clumsy is his joke at modern travelling! to wit, "I had just
"time, in my travels through *Denmark*
"with

“ with Mr. *Noddy*’s eldest son, whom in the
 “ year 1741 I accompanied as governor,
 “ riding along at a prodigious rate, through
 “ most parts of Europe; and of which
 “ original journey performed by us two,
 “ a most delectable narrative will be given
 “ in the progress of this work.” This
 topic hath been handled in so masterly a
 manner by many authors whom we might
 quote, that we opine when master *Trif-*
tram comes to the execution part of it, he
 will not gain much by being put in compe-
 tition with them, but rather lose when he
 appears in all his native barrenness and
 staring poverty of invention.

We accede to his assertion p. 54. “ But
 “ the two extremes are more common
 “ and in a greater degree in this unsettled
 “ island, where Nature, in her gifts and
 “ dispositions of this kind, is most whim-
 “ fical and capricious; Fortune herself
 “ not being more so in the bequest of her
 “ goods and chattels than she.” Nothing
 surely was ever more applicable to our cli-
 mate, the present times, and especially *ad*
hominem author *Shandy*.

P. 55. *Tristram*, if he meant it, has not mistypified himself and works; “an heteroclite creature in all his declensions—With all his sail poor *Yorick* carried not one ounce of ballast.”—Without the ballast of good Sense, Judgment holding the helm, and Decency directing what course to steer, all attempts at wit or humour must prove ineffectual, though for a while they may excite an idiot gaze: yet ultimately they will expose such adventurers to the flight and derision of those whom it would be a happiness and honour to please.

P. 57. What he descants upon Gravity is far from new, and therefore no way interesting: it helps to eke out the two volumes, as do an hundred other adventitious articles not naturally arising from the subject, and may therefore be called the superfluous labours of a rantipole brain.

P. 60. There may be humour and great pleasantry concealed under “the mortgager and mortgagee differ the one from the other not more in length of *purse*,
D “ than

“ than the *jest*er and *jest*ee do in that of
 “ memory, &c.” but our dull knobs cannot reach it; nor can we find any of those who laugh so inconsiderately at this and many other equally brilliant strokes, able to give us a reason why. Their applausive acclaim is, *Eo melius, nihil intelligo*, O the charming book, although I do not understand it! it is so odd! and so whimsical! and so out of the way! and so absurd! and so all that——

Now the plain maxim of us grave adherents to common sense, concerning authors who wrap themselves up from the ken of our comprehension in rhapsodical obscurity, is, *Non vis intelligi, nec ego intelligere*, Author, since thou dost not choose to be understood, I will take no pains to understand thee.

In consequence of this declaration we are resignedly prepared to be called heavy blockheads, vile tasteless wretches, stupid dolts: they should never read books of wit and humour: cruel sentence! However we can relish the works of Fielding, Swift, Le Sage, Cervantes, Lucian, &c. that is some comfort to us.

The account of *Yorick* and his *Exit*, which stretches to p. 71. is well imagined and pathetically written. It has not a little contributed to provoke our indignation against the author, for mispending his time on ridiculous and immoral bagatelles, who seems to be possessed of talents, that, properly employed, cannot fail of penetrating the heart: for, *si sic omnia dixisset*, if he had written all his book on a par with this, he would have found us among his warmest advocates, instead of being assailants.

Though affected with the moving picture of *Yorick*'s hard fate, we cannot help smiling at the funeral inscription taken from *Shakespear*'s hero; "*Alas, poor Yorick!*" because it seemeth to us, that it was for the sake of introducing this *dramatic* epitaph that the name of *Yorick* has been employed instead of any other.

By our last epithet let it not be thought that we allude to Sermons of the same nature having been promised to us: its having been omitted in the late advertisements, &c. is some sign of grace and becoming diffidence.

P. 71. He shamefully keeps up a belief of what as a Christian clergyman, and what he plumes himself more for, as a bold philosopher, he ought to discountenance; "Ten times a day has YORICK'S ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over." It is tolerably inconsistent that the same writer, who at the very commencement of his work impliedly declared against the immortality of the soul, should now start up as an advocate for the existence of ghosts: to eradicate which idle notion, the parent of so much contemptible fear, amongst children and the vulgar herd, hath been long wished by all rationalists, and people of the better sort.

Page sev'nty-three and four mean something, no doubt;

But we are so dull we cannot find it out.

P. 75. The author cruelly brings us back to 'an object we were glad to be rid of, and were in hopes of never hearing any farther mention. "It is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it
" is

“ is high time to mention her again :”
all his readers of judgment and taste would
very freely excuse him.

The prolix detail about her and about
her, is of the truly contemptible, besides
in several passages unintelligible, at least
to us ; for example, p. 76. “ Her fame
“ had spread itself to the very out edge
“ and circumference of that circle of im-
“ portance, of which kind every soul liv-
“ ing, whether he has a shirt to his back
“ or no, has one surrounding him ; which
“ said circle, by the way, whenever it is
“ said that such a one is of great weight
“ and importance in the *world*, I desire
“ may be enlarged or contracted in your
“ *worship's* fancy” (who his worship is we
do not know, because, if we remember
right, he dedicated his work to a Lord—
Ho ! perhaps it is the reader) “ in a
“ compound ratio of the station, profes-
“ sion, knowledge, abilities, height and
“ depth (meaning both ways) of the per-
“ sonage brought before you.” What con-
fused jargon is here ! what an unmerciful
jumble of words is employed to suffocate
an embryo meaning !

P. 79. Contains impotent and sniveling school-boy attempts at humour. P. 79. Although what he says may agree with himself, heaven forbid it should with other writers: "Which shews plainly, that
 "when a man sits down to write a history—though it be but the history of
 "Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb—he
 "knows no more than his heels what
 "lett and confounded hindrances he is to
 "meet in his way; or what a dance he
 "may be led by one excursion or another, before all is over." Men of true genius take care to ruminate on and digest their work so well before they set about writing it, that they are not liable to such Will-of-the-wisp vagaries. To the end of the chapter follows nothing more than idle prittle-prattle; those who can be pleased with it, may.

The next chapter (which begins p. 82) drags in his mother's marriage-settlement, in order to have an excursionary lick at the Law on account of its tautologous verbosity, which has been so often done before in plays, romances, &c. All play-going people

people may recollect the lawyer in the *Funeral*, which has been so often acted this winter; as well as *Latitat* in the *Englishman returned from Paris*, with an hundred other instances; therefore we shall take up none of our reader's time in commenting thereon.

In p. 91. there is a vein of grossness which we do not choose to derive into, or stain our paper withal. His sneers in p. 99. must alarm our men-midwives, and make them apprehend that the author of *TRISTRAM* is entered into an association with Mrs. *Elizabeth Nibell*, whose book against men-midwives hath, as is rumoured, greatly piqued them. It must be owned that *Tristram* deserves an invitation-card from Mrs. *Nibell*, in order that they may concert matters together to cry down male practitioners, which he seems inclinable to by all his wild rambling on and from that subject.

If by dint of perseverance our readers have followed *Sbandy* to p. 129. let them admire his new kind of break, and the manner in which he introduces the story of a popish

pish practice : “ How could you, Madam,
 “ be so inattentive in reading the last
 “ chapter? I told you in it, *that my mo-*
 “ *ther was a papist*—Papist! you told me
 “ no such thing—Ho! Madam, I beg
 “ leave to repeat it over again, that I told
 “ you as plain, at least, as words by di-
 “ rect inference could tell you such a
 “ thing.”

This puts us in mind of a gentleman,
 who having more memory than judgment,
 thus surprized the company he was in to
 an opportunity of disburthening his mind :
 he started up, and with a face of amaze-
 ment cried, “ Pray, Gentlemen, have ye
 “ heard a gun go off?” They all succes-
 sively replied in the negative : “ Why
 “ really (quoth he) it is very strange that
 “ ye have not; but, Gentlemen, let that
 “ pass; I will tell you a good story of a
 “ *Gun* ;” and so off he fired it in the
Tristram style to the great irksomeness of
 the company.

The (to us Protestants) ridiculous story
 of Roman Catholics baptizing the child
 in an artificial manner in cases of danger,
 is

is defensible according to their strained tenets. They look on baptism as absolutely necessary to salvation; that therefore a child in the womb, if practicable, is to be regenerated from sin by what they look upon as a sacrament. If it be ridiculous and necessary for mature children ready to come out of the womb; the folly of administering it to the new-born may with very little trouble be made to ensue, and furnish matter of triumph to the Quakers, &c.

Many an article in most Christian sects has but a ridiculous appearance to a philosophic mind tutored in other principles; all which professed libertines have been industrious to display. Is it a priest's business to draw the curtain aside, and expose the weakness of his cause in one of its fundamentals? but *Fundamentals* he delights to deal in, right or wrong.

What obvious opportunity of scampering *Shandy* has let escape; to wit, the giving a description of the *Limbo*; to which place, in the sense of Popery, all children who die without baptism are sentenced.

P. 139. His still beastly wallowing in the mire of this subject must give offence not only to the clergy, but to the laity of all Christian sects, who hold baptism in any estimation.

“ *Trisiram* begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the *Homunculi* at once slap-dash, by *Injection*, would not be a shorter and safer cut still?”

To which of the parties is the *Injection* to be applied? and before *consummation* too! Here dulness and obscenity have a hard tug. According to his doctrine in p. 2. already quoted by us, “ You have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits, *as how* they are transfused from father to son, &c.”—According to this passage one would be induced to think, that he had espoused the hypothesis which supposes the *animalcula* to be in the male seed.

But according to his new proposal, p. 140, he seems to adopt the opinion which says, that all the *animalcula* are complete in the
ovaria

ovaria of the women. It is an improper subject to enter into any discussion upon in a pamphlet of this kind.—*Before consummation!* O thou caitiff, as bawdy as ignorant!

How terribly he continues!—" On condition, as above, that if the *Homunculi* do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again, *sous condition:*" this is to give us a specimen of his knowledge of the *French*, for *on condition* is used about two lines before—" And provided in the second place that the thing can be done (which Mr. *Sbandy* apprehends it may) *par le moyen d'une petite canulle*; and *sans faire aucun tort à le Pere*;" when he learns *French* better he will write *au Pere*. This indefatigable blunderer has not been aware that the contents of the *vesiculæ seminales* in the male sex, and of the *ovaria* in the female, are out of the reach of any *Injection* whatsoever by the structure of the parts.

Such proceeding must excite indignation in every ingenuous bosom. This foul pas-

sage too is a kind of plagiarism, an imitation of what had been mentioned some years ago in the public papers of a neighbouring kingdom; where a profligate clergyman of the Romish persuasion, having for his scandalous manner of living been excommunicated, he published an advertisement, importing that on such a day he went to all the bakers shops used by Roman Catholics, and pronounced the words of consecration upon all the loaves therein: he then queried whether the Romish purchasers of them, had not since been eating their God over and over, in *soft* and *crust*, *new* and *stale*. However censurable we may think the doctrine of the Romanists, yet expressions so gross and disrespectful of the opinion of any body of people we are connected with, will ever be discountenanced by persons of a liberal and candid way of thinking.

P. 146. *Dinah's* story (the place it occupies might be as well filled up with any other) proves that the act of generation is always uppermost in *Tristram's* thoughts—
Good churchman, deviate into decency for
a while,

a while, if possible, and leave procreants alone: there is no necessity for your so busily interfering among them, unless you have a mind to be declared one of Mercury's priests; for which order indeed *Shandy* seems thoroughly qualified by the general tenor of his dissolute doctrine hitherto, as well as by the modest hint, p. 159. "the *argumentum tripodium* is never used but by the woman against the man; and the *argumentum ad rem*, contrariwise, is made use of by the man only against the woman!"

P. 167. How he fondles his dearly-beloved *umbilical point*, p. 169. What a cleanly insinuation is conveyed here; "I am not ignorant that the *Italians* pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-instrument they use, &c."—O filthy! as well as what follows.

Here we for the present take leave of his first volume, the remainder of his work being beneath all regular criticism.

How,

How, beneath criticism! replied one of the brother clockmakers; what think you of the sermon in the second volume? "Why, of the sermon itself" (rejoined the other) "I think well enough, but wonder how the devil it came there." What a strange and unnatural succession of sense and ribaldry! An odd acquaintance of ours in a like manner is ever fond of moralizing in brothels, and talking lewdly every where else: his highest joy is to whisper a bawdy joke in the church during the time of divine service.

Ned Paradox, who had listened demurely hitherto, and was more overblest with the happy knack of discovering in all transactions what no mortal besides himself ever dreamt of, thrice shook his head, and thus observed to the company:

"The ludicrous manner in which this sermon is introduced, with many other previous instances, but too obviously prove the design of this Antichristian author; which is to disgrace, revile, and overthrow our holy religion.

His

His covert attacks against our present happy establishment are glaringly evinced in his *hobby-horse* doctrine. Every man (asserts the varlet) hath his hobby-horse. The men now by excellence in this kingdom are the soldiery; of the soldiery the most eminent are undoubtedly the grenadiers. Therefore he insinuates to us, that every man by excellence has his *hobby-horse*; sily alluding to the horse of Hanover upon our English grenadiers caps. Here the cloven foot appears.

His mention of King *William*, *Namur*, *Lander*, *James Butler*, and Corporal *Trim*, leave no room to doubt his vile intention. The so much talk about fortification, military operations, &c. allude to that monarch's passion for arms; but the wound in the groin from the piece of a broken parapet, artfully points out to us, that although a great warrior, *William* was impotent in regard to the propagation of the human species; that therefore he felt no reluctance, but rather an alacrity to destroy what he could not beget; which will ever be the case with heroes in the same dilemma.

Thrice happy impotence, however for these kingdoms, has been that of King *William*! because to it we owe the present illustrious Family, which the insolent *Tristram* may sneer at, and treat in as *bobby-horsical* a manner as he pleases; while every good man pants only for an opportunity of shewing his zeal in their behalf."—Having spoke the last words in a solemn tone, and looked stedfastly round on the company, he struck the table with his fist, and sat down.

Harry Love-Glee, the wag of the club, who had much ado to refrain from a laugh during his brother *Ned*'s profound speculation, thus attempted to introduce mirth:

"Why really, Gentlemen, I fear we look at, in too serious a light, a man and his writings, that are only the cause of jollity in most other companies.

Our manners and speech at present are all *be-Tristram'd*. Nobody speaks now but in the *Sbandean* style; the modish phraseology is all taken from him, and his equally intelligible imitators, especially in love affairs. The common and approved

proved salute in *high life* for a lover to his fair-one now is, “ My dear, if you are desirous of being *inflated* †, pray grant “ me the favour of *homunculating* † you.”

Copies of the cards this whimsical author receives are handed about for their originality. I have here one which makes a great noise ; I'll read it to you---“ *Half-moon-street* :--Mrs. P—— presents her “ compliments to the Rd. Dr. *Tristram*, and “ prays the honour of his company tomorrow evening at tea, as she intends to decorate her new-fancied *Pudding Strings* “ † with his Name ; TRISTRAM on the “ right, SHANDY on the left : then a fig “ for all hostilities lurking in the *covered Way*. She has moreover a scheme to “ propose, of using them occasionally as “ nets to catch the *Homunculi*, in order “ to make curious experiments thereupon ; “ which, if the learned Doctor pleaseth, “ they will proceed to in a sweet *tete-à-tete*, that may furnish curious materials “ for his succeeding volumes. — As Mrs. “ P——’s ***** yearneth violently for “ the Doctor’s ***** , she fervently
F “ hopes

† See Two Lyric Epistles, p. 17, and 19.

“ hopes he will not fail, but come and
 “ exhibit to her the *salient Angle*.”

All the company broke into a fit of laughter, except contemplative *Ned Paradox*, and the zealous member who took the lead in this work: “ Why, Gentlemen (quoth this latter) this is very ill-tim’d pleasantry. Did you know but all, you have reason to wail and weep instead of *giggling*; for this *Tristram*, as I have learned by letters from the country, is like to ruin our trade.”--At this they all looked grave.

The directions I had for making several clocks for the country are countermanded; because no modest lady now dares to mention a word about *winding-up a clock*, without exposing herself to the fly leers and jokes of the family, to her frequent confusion. Nay, the common expression of street-walkers is, “ Sir, will “ you have your clock wound-up?” Alas, reputable, hoary clocks, that have flourished for ages, are ordered to be taken down by virtuous matrons, and be disposed of as obscene lumber, exciting to acts of carnality!

Nay, hitherto harmless watches are degraded into agents of debauchery. If a gentleman wind-up his watch in company, and looks affectionately at any particular lady, that is as much as to say that he prefers her to all the rest, and is in love with her: if she wind hers immediately after, and reciprocates a look of fondness to him, it is as much as to say, on her side, that she approves his passion. —That I should live to see the unhappy day, when sober and well-regulated clocks are treated as the alarms of lust, as veteran bawds; and jemmy watches dwindled into pimps! O . L . O . . L . O . . h!

All this hath been occasioned by that type of Antichrist, that foe to every thing that is good. His infernal scheme is to overturn church and state: for clocks and watches being brought into contempt and disuse, nobody will know how the time goes, nor which is the hour of prayer, the hour of levee, the hour of mounting guard, &c. &c. &c. consequently an universal confusion in church, senate, play-house, &c. must ensue and we be prepared

pared for the reign of that dreadful being so long foretold; and of which SHANDY is the undoubted fore-runner.—Ah, woful period for the sons and daughters of Man!

Time's out of rule; no Clock is now *wound-up*:

TRISTRAM the *lewd* has *knock'd* Clock-making up.

P. S. It has been some comfort to us in our deep affliction, to learn in the London Chronicle of Tuesday, May 6, 1760, that *Tristram Shandy* hath been born in *Ireland*, the realm of falacity; and that *Old England* is not guilty of the Birth of so fell a monster.

Dii talem terris avertite pestem!

* * We learn this moment that the affecting *Episod* of YORICK's Death in VOL. I. is intirely borrowed. Wherefore we suspend our approbation of that article, as well as of some other striking ones; and can thence easily account for the inequality of matter and style—Between jest and earnest, we think it incumbent on the author, for the sake of himself and patrons, to invalidate this report, if in his power. Should it be proved!—



F I N I S.